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Original.

THE POWER OF TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

PHILOSOPHY in its most extended sense, includes the study of nature and morality, founded upon reason and experience. For its successful prosecution, force of mind and capacity of intellect, as well as deliberate and patient investigation, are essentially requisite. Valuable assistance also may be derived from well-regulated habits of observation, exercised in viewing the natural and mental phenomena, with which daily experience may render an individual conversant. Thus a stock of knowledge may be acquired, most useful to the philosopher in his investigations; since it does not depend for its value, upon the variableness of human testimony. Relying upon the facts gathered from self-experience and his own mental operations, he is enabled to pursue his way with greater alacrity and increased confidence. Freed from perplexity, he is less apprehensive of being misled by the adoption of false premises in his processes of reasoning; or of becoming at last bewildered in the tortuous mazes of erroneous philosophic speculation. Besides, it affords delight as well as profit, to note actions and events intimately connected with himself, his own history and age; and trace them in their rise, progress and consequences upon human happiness. Thus he becomes wiser, and is more fully qualified to discharge his appropriate duties in society, and contribute his quota to the general fund of experimental knowledge and solid enjoyment.

In viewing the history of the past, we find that philosophy has engaged the attention of the wise and learned, to some extent, in every age. However false and degrading the systems and speculations of some may have been,—notwithstanding their deleterious influence upon society,—their tendency to atheism and idolatry,—their adaptation to foster the basest passions of the human heart,—their corrupting influence upon private morals and social virtue;—still, their dissemination and continued prevalence, afford no just reason for undervaluing the power, so beneficially exerted by *true philosophy* upon the minds, actions and affairs of men. On the contrary, it should give a renewed impulse to the efforts of those who are truly animated by *its spirit*, and realize its vast importance, in regulating human character and advancing social and domestic happiness. Nor would they toil in vain. They would not only faithfully subserve the best interests of their age, but acquire a renown far surpassing that of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Buonaparte. Though slumbering in the grave, their memory would still survive, in the cherished recollections of grateful millions,

"While honor's shadeless glow, and glory's sunbeam, light
The hallowed spot made sacred by their ashes."

In contemplating the power of true philosophy, we are equally impressed with a sense of its vast importance, and its perfect adaptation to the nature and condition of man. Its appropriate sphere of action, is boundless as the universe,—deep as the unfathomable ocean,—high as the towering vault of heaven. It draws the forked lightning from the skies, and sits unharmed amid the tumult of conflicting elements. It guides the mariner across the trackless ocean, and cheers the desponding traveller upon the desert waste. It fells the mighty forest, and nerves the hand of industry amid laborious toil. It makes the marble seem to speak, and adds expression to the glowing colours of the canvass. It lights the lamp of science, and causes the inert machine to move with all the apparent facility of vigorous animal life. It extends to subjects that at once excite the imagination, enlarge the understanding, and call into exercise the various emotions and passions of the human heart. Like the glorious orb of day, careering through the heavens, its rays diffusing life and vigor throughout the vegetable world, it dispenses its rich and inestimable blessings to man in every clime. Wherever it exerts its genial power, innumerable sources of knowledge and delight are afforded; suited to the condition, and indicative of the capacious and exalted powers of the human mind.

The subjects to which it has reference, are as various as the benefits and pleasures imparted. It exerts a power upon civil government of the most salutary character. In the formation of laws, for the regulation of civil affairs, it examines into the moral and social nature of man, as a subject of restraint. It scrutinizes the motives by which he may be influenced, and what means may be most advantageously and successfully employed, to deter him from crime, and to promote the general interests of society. Thus, in subjecting men to the wholesome and salutary discipline of law, in enlightening them in the theory and practice of government, and in promoting general intelligence, it exerts a conservative power upon the constitution of civil society. It has an intimate connection with the judicious schemes of the statesman, patriot, and philanthropist. Under its benign influence, the arts which minister to the comfort and happiness of life, advance with accelerated rapidity. Science too, which tends to humanize the heart and refine the understanding, experiences the vivifying influence of its illuminating power. It has reference to whatever may tend to soften the asperities of political strife, diminish social evil, confirm domestic relations, alleviate the cares of life, promote social and domestic comfort, and afford objects of interest or delight to human contemplation.

But it is chiefly to its power upon the human mind, that we would advert in this connexion. It enlarges its capacities for every subject of intellectual investigation or rational pursuit. Instead of becoming weak and incapacitated, it acquires renewed strength and vigor by habits of philosophic disquisition. Elevating its aspirations and desires above the noxious and debasing pursuits of vice and sensuality, it points the soul to higher and more rational scenes of enjoyment. Expanding its powers, it enables the mind to comprehend the grand and magnificent scenery of the celestial orbs; to trace them in their changes and revolutions, and ascertain the laws to which they are subservient. Freed from the fascinating influence of worldly pleasure, or the allurements of a depraved imagination, it mounts on eagle-wings, and soars aloft through the unbounded regions of space, intent on nobler, purer, and more extended views of the created

universe. Refreshed and invigorated by exercise, it still pants to explore the mysteries of science, and devoutly admires the creative energy of the Divine Architect. Whilst reason traces the operation of nature's laws, "from nature up to nature's God," imagination combining all the varied forms of beauty and sublimity displayed, constitutes an ideal world, embracing all that can inspire delight and administer pleasure, to a cultivated and an enlightened mind.

When the philosopher, in the silence of the evening hour walks abroad, and contemplates the starry heavens extending through illimitable space,—when he views the order and regularity of their movements—their brilliant and magnificent appearance, how is his mind affected by a sense of the boundless power of their Creator! When again he directs his attention to earth, and beholds the variety, harmony and grandeur of inanimate nature, how does his heart send forth its grateful ascriptions of praise to God, for all his wondrous works! When he views himself,—his form,—the complicated structure of his frame,—its delicate arrangement, and perfect adaptation to the physical purposes of his existence;—when he looks within,—considers the superior part of his nature,—a soul endowed with purposes of high resolve and daring intrepidity,—an intellect capable of grasping the extensive and multifarious objects of human conception,—an imagination darting like the vivid lightning through unbounded space;—a power of communicating "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"—of awakening the passions or lulling them to peace,—of guiding the judgments of men in calm deliberation, or rousing them to vigorous, energetic action in the cause of suffering humanity;—how does his emotions of gratitude rise to that Being, by whose power he is "so fearfully and wonderfully made." Indeed, through all the forms and exhibitions of the mental and material world, he observes the clearest displays of superior intelligence, almighty power, infinite wisdom, and boundless love. Humbled under a sense of his comparative insignificance, and disregarding visionary theories and fanciful speculations, he is content to derive his knowledge from observation, experience and patient investigation. Implicitly crediting the revealed will of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, he submits to its guidance; neither pretending to be wise above what is written, nor placing his fancied speculations in competition with the dictates of Eternal truth.

Such is the power of *true philosophy*, when it produces its appropriate effects upon the pursuits and conduct of men. Thus it becomes a blessing to society, a conservator of freedom, an encourager of art, a patron of science, and an ornament and grace to individual character.

C.

Original.

WHO FIRST INTRODUCED THE ART OF PRINTING IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE?

THE honor of having been the first to introduce the art of printing from types, in the English language, has generally been awarded to William Caxton, an Englishman. But this honor has not been conceded to him by all, and his right to it may be questioned on just grounds. His first book was printed at Cologne in 1471. The first that he published in England was "The Game of the Chesse," in 1474. Now, there are some who date the introduction of printing so far back as 1443, but these are doubtless mis-

taken. The "Annals of Printing" suppose it to have been in 1460; others make it 1459. The learned Collier assures us that it made its appearance "ten years sooner at the University of Oxford, than at any other place in Europe, Hærlæm and Mentz excepted." This fixes it at 1457, though Collier is willing to bring it down to 1464.

But the matter of precedence in point of time, appears to have been settled by the discovery of a volume of forty-one leaves quarto, which is now in the Public Library at Cambridge. This volume has at the end, the following words: "Impressa Oxonie, & finita An. Dom. m. cccc. lxxviii. xviii. die Decembris." A book making such a claim, could not expect to be received into favor, except after the severest scrutiny; and accordingly objections were started on its first coming into notice, and they have been continually urged ever since. A real difficulty was, how to account for the fact that there was no mention made of it, and no memorial even in Oxford itself, of so remarkable an event. But this difficulty was removed, by the finding of a record in the register of the See of Canterbury, which purports to give a history of the whole transaction, and to be drawn up at the time. An account of this record was first published by Ankyus in 1664. The substance is the following: "As soon as the art of printing made some noise in Europe, Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, moved King Henry VI. to use all possible means to procure it to be brought into England. The King approving the proposal, despatched one Mr. Robert Turnour, an officer of the robes, into Flanders, furnished with money for the purpose; who took to his assistance William Caxton, a man of abilities and knowledge of the country; and these two found means to bribe and entice over into England, one Frederick Corsellis, an under workman in the printing house at Hærlæm, where John Guttemberg had lately invented the art, and was then personally at work." There are quite a number, who have faith in this account as authentic, and who defend it, among whom are the learned Mr. Mattaire, Wood, Palmer, and Bagford; but their writings we have never seen.

Many objections have been made to the genuineness of this record, and if these can be sustained, one of the strongest supports of the Oxford volume will be removed, and it will almost fall to the ground of itself. But let us consider some of these objections. One is, that Henry VI. was dethroned so many years before the Oxford book professes to have been printed, that the account of the matter cannot be true. But as Edward IV. was crowned in 1461, it would leave only seven or eight years before the finishing of the book; and in these early times, with the rude help that Corsellis must have had, it is no strange thing that he should be that number of years engaged in making moulds, casting or forming types, arranging them, and printing from them. This is rendered more probable by the case of Faust in Germany, who, although he commenced before 1450, has left no record of any book published by him until his "Book of Psalms," in August 1457. The silence of Caxton respecting this matter, both in the prefaces of his books and in his Polychronicon, is made a serious objection. But we may not suppose that he would feel himself bound to give a testimony for which there was no direct call, and which would pluck the green laurels from his own brow. If he possessed the common feelings of humanity, he must have felt *proud* at having contributed so largely to the advancement of such an useful art, and would not at all be disposed to rob himself of an essential part of the honor by attributing the first introduction of it to another. It is farther said, that the account cannot be true, because Caxton was found twelve years

after beyond the sea, learning the art of printing. This objection is entirely groundless, for it is not said that he was *sent from* England, but merely that he was taken as an assistant by Turnour, which would not interfere with his being in Germany or Holland the whole time. Even if he had been sent from England for this purpose, this does not necessarily imply his return; or if he did return, there was no need of his remaining.

The grand objection to the authenticity of this record is, that it speaks of Hærlæm as the place where printing was invented and in use before 1761. But the language does not imply that Guttenberg was the first who invented printing in the world, nor that Hærlæm was the first place where the invention was made. It only says, "at Hærlæm, where John Guttenberg had *lately* invented the art." This probably refers to the first introduction of it in *that city*, in relation to which it was *an invention*, since it had never been known there before. But if it be insisted on, that the record asserts that the art of printing was *first* invented in Hærlæm, the objection can then be answered in the words of the learned Dr. Willis of Oxford, who made a laborious inquiry respecting the origin of printing. He says, "about the year 1450 the art of printing was invented and practised in Germany, but whether first at Mentz or Hærlæm is not determined; for it appears upon an impartial inquiry, that those who had it in consideration before it was brought to perfection, disagreeing among themselves, separated company, and some of them at Hærlæm, and others at Mentz, pursued the practice of their former employ, at one and the same time." If it be denied that there is any possibility of proving that the invention was first made at Hærlæm, still it does not militate against the authority of the record, to suppose that the author might have formed his account from common rumor, and thus have been mistaken. This report, Corsellis probably was not inclined to contradict, or, being from Hærlæm, he might have accorded with it, and thus have assisted in strengthening the author in his opinion. Or lastly, Guttenberg having by this time, been engaged for a considerable period in printing at Hærlæm, the author in the absence of clear evidence on the subject, might have taken it for granted that Guttenberg first invented it there. A farther objection is made, from the fact that the Record is not now to be found in the registers of Canterbury. But such a small affair might have easily been *lost* or *misaid*, at the time when it was copied and printed from, by Atkyns. Nor on the other hand, would it be much matter for surprise, if it had been *abstracted* by some of the numerous enemies by which it was surrounded, who were all jealous for the honor of their countryman, Caxton. So much then for defending the Record from the aspersions cast upon it.

But the Oxford book itself, is an independent witness, clear and strong. It has the date distinctly marked in it. To say that the date may be wrong, either through mistake or inadvertency, is no more than could be supposed of any other document. The cases that are brought to support this supposition, are suppositions themselves, with the exception of one or two. Now if we are to take the position, that all or any documents which are authenticated by co-eval records or accounts, may be thrown aside if we choose so to do, as misdated or useless, because there happen to be one or two in existence in the world that have no such supports, which are misdated, there will be an end of all historical testimony. Having thus answered the objection brought against the Book, and the Record which supports it, we have done with the matter, for they speak after this, in their own behalf. They stand up *as true*, and if we have succeeded

in refuting the position that they are false witnesses, they speak the truth, and it must be received as such. William Caxton, then, was not the first who introduced printing into England and in the English language, nor Westminster the first place where a printing press was established. Those honors belong to Frederick Corsellis, and to the University of Oxford.

Original.

T I M E.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

I asked the limped streamlet as it ran
In solemn silence o'er its pebbly bed,
If e'er the mighty ocean it would reach;
"I shall in *time*," it murmuringly said,
Then kissed the sod, by which its course was led,
And gently breathed "farewell."

I hailed the mighty river as it rolled
In swelling billows, urged by wind and storm,
And asked if in the basin of the sea
It e'er would lose its devious winding form;
"I shall," it said, then gayly, wild and free,
Press'd to its ocean grave.

To the deep roaring cataract, as it poured
In thundering fierceness down the steep descent,
O'er pointed rocks, 'mid chasms deep I called
And asked if e'er its tury would be spent?
"It will," was echoed, "when the globe is rent
And time shall be no more."

I asked the wide spread ocean as it leapt
In mighty undulations to the shore,
If e'er to peace its surges would be hushed,
And calm succeed its everlasting roar?
"Time will do all," it said, then wildly rushed
To kiss the arching sky.

"Who is this *Time*?" I asked, and turning 'round
He stood before me in his dread attire,
His scythe, and sickle, gleamed before my eye,
The earth his home, the tolling bell his lyre!
Fearful I asked, "Old Time wilt thou e'er die?"
Starting, he shook his powerful arm on high,
And cried "Eternity!"

Sag Harbor, L. I. April 12, 1842.

Original.

CHARLES SOMERS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE subject of our story, to whom we shall give the fictitious name of Charles Somers, was the only son of wealthy and respectable parents, who resided at New Orleans. Ere he had reached that age when he could appreciate a mother's love or a father's counsel, he was suddenly deprived of both of them within the short space of a week of each other, by one of those deadly and malignant fevers so prevalent in that fatal city.

Upon the dissolution of his parents, Charles was taken by his aunt, Mrs. C——, his mother's sister, a widow lady, possessed of very exalted sense and exemplary piety.— Having no children of her own, all her love and feelings were soon centered upon her little charge; and under her fostering care, he grew up a fine, manly looking boy, with a frank and open countenance, indicating a noble disposition and good ability. His broad expansive forehead and dark sparkling grey eyes, were indeed a true index of his mind and heart. There perhaps never lived a more generous and true hearted boy, and as for his mental faculties, all who knew him acknowledged that they were of a high order.

At the age of twelve he was placed under the charge of a classic teacher to learn the Greek and Latin languages, preparatory to his entering college. He soon became the favorite of his preceptor, and although this was perfectly manifest to the rest of the scholars, yet no feelings of jealousy, apparently, were excited in their minds. They thought, perhaps, that it was useless to be jealous of one so far superior to all of them in his mind and studies, and they could not refrain from loving one so kind and generous, and who entered so frequently into all their sports and amusements.

At the suitable age, he entered upon his collegiate course, and how brilliantly did he run it. Upon his entrance he took the first place in his class, and maintained it throughout the whole period he remained there, and when he graduated, he bore away with him the palm of victory awarded to the diligent and successful student.

After leaving college, he retired to the quiet and picturesque residence of his aunt, on the banks of the majestic Hudson, which she had purchased soon after Charles had entered college, and came to the north with the view of being near some of her relatives. To describe so beautiful and romantic a spot, would fail one so little accustomed to depict natural scenery. Suffice it to say, that it was one of the most pleasant and delightful residences which ever graced the banks of that noble river. Here he spent three months in the improving and endearing society of his aunt, who loved him as tenderly as if he had been her own child.

Charles' mind was fixed upon the profession of law, which young men generally look upon as the high road to honor and preferment in this country; and in the fall of the year after returning from college, he commenced his legal studies in the office of one of the soundest lawyers, and ablest advocates in the state of New York. During the whole period of three years which he spent there, previous to his admission to the bar, he was most indefatigable in his studies, and few young men embarked upon the profession with a greater stock of legal knowledge.

It was in the spring of 1834, when his name was enrolled on the list of practising attorneys. He opened an office in an eligible part of the city of New York for business, and started upon his professional career with high expectations, and visions of future success and renown floating through his mind. But scarcely had he opened his office, before he was made to experience a most bitter affliction. Her, whom he loved and adored as a mother, (in fact he had never known another,) was laid prostrate by a paralytic stroke, and he was instantly summoned to her bed side, and there did he go—and faithful was he to the last hour, until her spirit was freed from its clayey tenement, and soared away to its destined and eternal resting place. We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of Charles on this occasion. He was not, however, without sympathy—there was one who shared in his grief, and sympathized in his sorrows. Alice—she was the ministering angel, that strove to soften and heal the agony of his bleeding heart, and no earthly being was more fitted for so delicate a task.

But here we ought to inform our readers who this sweet girl was. She was the daughter of plain but respectable farmers, who lived but a short distance from Charles' aunt. Soon after Mrs. C—— had come to reside in that part of the country, she became acquainted with Alice, and soon discovered that she was a girl of uncommon sweetness of disposition, of quick intellect, and possessed withal a countenance which none could look upon but to love and admire. She was the constant attendant upon Mrs. C——, during her sickness, which lasted for several weeks, and the rosy hue of health was fast fading away from her cheek, and giving place to the sad paleness which ever follows too much weariness of mind and body.

We are unable to say whether Charles' heart was inspired with emotions of love for Alice, previous to his aunt's sickness, as he had seen but little of her, yet this much we do know, that if the flame had been enkindled, it now burst forth with unquenchable ardor. Is it to be wondered at that he should become devotedly attached to so interesting and beautiful a creature, who manifested so much affection for his aunt, watching incessantly at her bed side, anxious to soothe her pain and administer to her every want, entirely regardless of her own comfort, and exposing herself to fall a victim to disease by her constant devotedness to the object of her love and respect.

Charles, who was now perfectly independent in his pecuniary resources, and not obliged to wait upon the slow income arising from the profession of law for support, in a suitable period after the decease of his aunt, united himself to her, who had proved his solace in the hour of grief, and who was still destined to encourage him in bearing up under the reverses of fortune which so often overtake and becloud the pathway of man through life. He took a fine three story brick house in the fashionable part of the city, and furnished it handsomely. He resumed again his profession, and his days passed away most happily—and when his fond companion and partner through life gave to him a sweet pledge of their mutual love, the measure of his happiness was full. Every thing around was joyous, and life was gliding away like a smooth unruffled stream. But that stream was soon destined to be disturbed. Alice detected that her husband was not quite as attentive to his professional pursuits as formerly, and that he frequented the society of men, who were entering largely into land speculations, and whose visions of anticipated wealth were never to be realized. She was rendered very uneasy lest he should be drawn into their wild schemes, and one evening gave expression to her fears, and

besought him to be on his guard, and not become entangled in their visionary projects. "You know dear Charles" said she "that you have a fine fortune left to you by your parents, and do take care how you risk it—we have far more than enough to meet all our wants, and permit us to live in fine style—and why should you be speculating to obtain more, at the hazard of loosing all." It was, however, in vain, for her now to counsel him. Although he at once acknowledged the justness of her remarks, yet it was to late, for he had advanced large sums of money, and was one of a company of men who were purchasing land in the confident anticipation of realizing from it immense wealth. They had their maps of cities in prospect, all beautifully laid out, with fine wide streets dividing them off into blocks, and large public squares. Charles acted as the attorney of the company, and his time was constantly engaged in visiting different towns and villages with the view of purchasing eligible spots for speculating purposes, and in drawing deeds and mortgages. In the evening when at home, he found but little time for the society of his wife and child, and instead of his law books, his declarations, his pleas and his briefs being spread out before him as in times past, his table was covered with maps of purchased real estate, with black and red lines running through them, marking it off into lots of different dimensions. But this speculating mania was not to last long, and the bubble burst, involving thousands in ruins. How many who valued themselves worth millions, soon discovered that they were not worth one cent, but deeply in debt, and not a few of them are now taking the benefit of that act of Congress but a short time ago enacted, which has been aptly and justly styled the repudiation act—we mean the *Bankrupt Act*. Charles was one of those whose whole fortune was gone. The blow was a severe one, but Alice was his support. One evening soon after it was ascertained that all he possessed in the world was completely wrecked, and he was brooding over his loss, and bitterly lamenting the hour when he was induced to embark in the schemes of visionary speculators, she threw her arms around him, and in the sweetest accents, entreated him not to be sad.

"Do not grieve, dear Charles, on my account—have I not lived in humble life, and shall I not live as happy, yes happier, in the full enjoyment of your love, even in comparative poverty? You have talents, and a noble profession, and these will afford us a comfortable support." With such encouraging words, she succeeded in rousing her husband from that dreamy and melancholy state into which he had elapsed, and clasping her to his bosom, he replied—

"My dear Alice, I know that I should not repine, and that I have still left for me, health, talents, and a good profession. With these, I trust I shall yet be a happy and respectable man." "Yes, dear Charles," answered Alice, "it may be all for the best that this blow has fallen upon us. It is said in scripture, that God chastens those he loves, and this reverse of fortune may be intended as a rod for your as well as my benefit. He saw that your heart was becoming too strongly fixed upon the accumulation of wealth, and that the giver of all-worldly blessings was entirely forsaken in your mind and thoughts." Charles was not a professor of religion, but having been brought up by his pious aunt, he had been taught to respect it. The words of his wife, therefore, had a softening influence upon his heart and feelings, and that night he retired to rest, acknowledging the justice of the stroke which had been sent upon him. Next morning, Charles rose with a firm resolution to enter upon his profession, and pursue it, not only

as the means of present subsistence, but also with the view of distinguishing himself at the bar. To live in the city, however, he found was too expensive, as his practice was extremely limited, and therefore Alice and himself came to the determination of retiring to a thriving village in the state of New York, and live with an uncle of hers, who had kindly invited them to do so, until Charles' business would support them. In a few days they came to the village of —, and Charles immediately opened an office, and through the influence of Alice's uncle, who was a man of considerable influence in this place, soon began to enjoy the fruits of a practice daily increasing and becoming quite lucrative. Although Charles has for his competitors, lawyers of considerable talent, yet he is working his way, soon to assume a rank with the first at the bar; and if health and life are spared to him, we have no doubt he is destined to be a bright luminary in his profession, and an ornament and pride to his country.

How frequently does he speak of the loss of his fortune. He considers it a most fortunate event. "Had it not been for that, I might have been rich—immensely rich—but ah! I tremble when I think of it, I might have been a useless and disgraceful member of society. Riches tend to take away all stimulus to useful, honorable effort. They completely enervate all the faculties of man, and the temptations which they spread around his path, oh! how great! But to be thrown upon one's self—to depend upon one's own resources, this calls into vigorous exercise all the mental faculties, and by their constant employment, strengthens and invigorates them, and enables their possessor to assume a noble stand in the community."

In sketching the life of Charles Somers, we have had, in view some useful end. It will serve to teach two things:—in the first place, that however rich a young man may be, yet he should be brought up to some profession or business to stand him in need, (if for no other purpose,) in the hour when perchance riches take to themselves wings and fly away—and in the second place, to follow the old Spanish proverb, "let well alone."

Charles' aunt was a most sensible woman, and well knowing the deleterious influence a knowledge of the fortune to which he was heir, might have upon him, he was kept ignorant of the fact, until he had completed his legal studies. She knew that the wheels of fortune are very fickle, and that to-day a man may be rich, and to-morrow a beggar. She therefore determined to give Charles a thorough education, instilling into his mind, as a motive to urge him onward, that he had to work his own way in the world. And now, although reduced to want, so that he was obliged to lean for a while upon others for support, yet his profession soon began to yield him and his family a comfortable subsistence.

The second lesson which this brief sketch teaches, is one which all of us have reason to study. There is in man, who is ever restless and dissatisfied, a proneness to do something which he imagines may better his condition or render him more happy. How true is the remark of the poet,

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

He appears never perfectly satisfied with his lot in life—although rich, yet he is desirous of adding still more to his stores of wealth. So it was with Charles Somers—so it has been with thousands before him, and will be with thousands after him. We would still repeat it, however, for the benefit of all who may heed our warning, "let well alone."

Mr. Hyatt

Original.

THE PROGRESS OF CORRUPTION. —

Effeminacy and corruption of manners are generally found in connection with luxury. This connection needs no elaborate reasoning to trace, for the effects of luxury are as palpable as they are fatal. The pampered son of wealth finds but little pleasure except in the gratification of his morbid appetite. The enfeebled state of his system renders him irritable and extremely sensitive to inconvenience. Labor becomes an intolerable burden to him, and he is obliged to resort to the undue excitement of pleasure and fashion to preserve the elasticity of his spirits. His intellectual energies become paralyzed, and his mind partakes of the weakness of his body. In this manner, luxury corrupts an individual, and thus it diffuses its fatal influence through the mass of society.

The effects of luxury are not always immediate or apparent: it proceeds by the slow method of insinuation. It does not come with overwhelming force, suddenly enfeebling the intellect, and unnerving the body like the pestilential wind of the desert. Years elapse before its designs are consummated. A nation may seemingly flourish for a while under its fatal progress, but it will be only like a tree whose branches bloom with sickly growth, while the worm is secretly gnawing at the core. The arms of a nation may sweep before them hardy tribes,—thousands may flee before the terrible name of her experienced legions, but this prosperity will only be a sad precursor of her downfall. Here we might present examples of the effects of luxury, and as is usual, recur to the experience of the past; but without attempting any review of the kingdoms of antiquity, let us turn our attention to our own country. The fact that corruption is making fearful progress, is too palpable to be denied. Crime, its invariable attendant, is becoming too frequent. In proportion as the law is laxly administered by corrupt officers, and effeminacy enfeebles the mind of the nation, so will crime increase. For proof of this, we turn to Italy. There where corruption and licentiousness hold their maddening sway, the lawless flourish, and avarice often prompts the fiend to sheath his stiletto in the bosom of another. If public opinion be not kept pure, we may become as degraded as the inhabitants of that beautiful but unhappy land. The state of our country is not that which the christian patriot would wish. Our public men are not generally so disinterested as we could desire. The love of money is preying upon our vitals, and the demon of licentiousness is acquiring a strength which may soon shake our government to its centre. We look back with regret to the golden days when our republic sprang into existence. Where is the patriotism which then distinguished our public councils, the disinterestedness which characterized our public men, and the virtue of the mass of the people which spurned corruption? Alas! genius too often degrades herself by venal offices, and eloquence and learning debased in political intrigue. The instances of patriotism in our public men are becoming too isolated, and the general opinion of the nation is not arrayed, as it should be, against vice.

It is especially in our large cities that corruption more plainly exhibits itself. Although a close population is extremely favorable to the growth of society and the progress of the arts, yet it is attended with its corresponding evils. Vice and licentiousness are among these. It is evident that corruption could make but little progress in a sparse

population. The cultivators of the soil, the yeomanry of our country, scattered as they are, will be the last to yield, if our Republic is to be destroyed. Here we are to look for stern principle, for unshaken patriotism. Although the seeds of depravity are planted in the breast of man, yet vice flourishes by contamination. The proverb declares, 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' and this communication can only be effected with facility where the population is dense. Accordingly, observation teaches us that degeneracy makes the most fearful progress in our large cities. Here the effects of corruption will be first developed, and here indeed they are already manifesting themselves. Here are the footholds of vice, and here the retirements where its slaves retreat in security. Perhaps this looseness and degeneracy must be partly chargeable to the age. Its manners are confessedly libertine. But although it may be very convenient for persons to charge their general ill conduct to the deleterious influence of the age, yet this can be no palliation. Men form society, and the character of society determines the character of the age. In order, therefore, that the age be pure, men themselves should be moral and enlightened. It, then, behooves the vicious, instead of referring their corrupt manners to the evil tendency of the age, to examine their own hearts, and produce a reformation in their own conduct. The truth, that each one of us as a constituted member of society, must contribute his influence to the formation of its character, cannot be too well impressed. This being the case, we are bound by every principle of patriotism and philanthropy, to infuse a spirit of morality in the public mind. If the mind be kept pure and enlightened, we may long remain as a nation. Sectional and party interests may clash, the marshalling hosts of war may sweep over our land, but we cannot be conquered—or, if conquered in appearance, the foot of the oppressor can never tread in the dust the determined purpose—the inflexible spirit.

It would be better for us, if stern principle and inflexible patriotism held more undisputed sway. These are our great bulwarks, and these have often baffled the enemy. Certain it is, that corruption needs checking, and its most effectual barrier is religious principle. Foreign manners are insinuating themselves among us; luxury with all its attendant vices, is spreading over our land. It may be wrong to indulge in gloomy anticipations—but the signs of the times indicate a decay in our government. It does not seem natural for a government to remain long in a healthful state. Its machinery becomes too complicated to work with facility. The voice of the past confirms this. The fervent wish of the patriot is, that our country may not deck the trophies of the Genius of Desolation. From this fate, the Christian religion alone can save us. It alone can render our union firm; it alone can fit us to resist effectually the assaults of corruption and ambition. Every day's experience only confirms the sublime sentiment of President Quincy:—"Human happiness has no perfect happiness but freedom,—freedom none but virtue,—virtue none but knowledge,—and neither freedom, virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanction, of the Christian religion."

A poor fellow rescued, half drowned, from the river, was asked to take some spirits and water. 'No, I thank you,' he replied, 'I have had water enough already, and I'll let the spirits alone.'

Original.

SUFFERINGS OF A CONVALESCENT.

It is supposed by many that there are only a few sufferings attending a state of convalescence, but let such read a page of my history, and they will be satisfied that although the smiles and congratulations of friends are before them, there is much even in these, and far more behind the scene, to create heart burnings and nervous agitation. It is delightful, after pain and anguish of body, and a tormenting fever have left one, to leave the sickening air of the chamber, and walk forth once more a free man, both in frame and mind, to inhale the pure winds of heaven, to press the richly carpeted hills and valleys, to hear the music of birds and streams and waterfalls, to bask in the gladdening sunshine, and have a soul to appreciate and enjoy so much life and beauty! It seems as if the avenues of the spirit were open, and in the exuberance of our joy, all men appear as brethren, and to each is extended the hand of fellowship. Thus it was with myself. Even my books seemed to welcome me, as if weary of remaining locked up in their prison house, without their old master to handle and caress them. What more could I still ask for? I wanted but little to increase my happiness. But when was ever happiness unalloyed, when was ever beauty without some defect!

One day—it was the second that I had walked out—I had not proceeded far, when who should I meet but my friend B—. The moment he saw me, he held up both his hands, and started back, exclaiming, ‘Merciful heavens, is it you? can it be! Why, I heard you were dead, and buried.’

I was confused, and became very nervous, for my whole system was extremely weak. B— remarked it, and said he did not wish to excite me, but my appearance most strangely affected him. A few more words were passed, and we parted.

I went on for some time unable to calm my feelings, blaming myself for having been moved by such a ridiculous affair. At length the former current of my thoughts returned, and I almost forgot the late vexatious conversation of B—. Just as I turned the corner of a street, I met Miss Letitia M—, who thus began:—

‘Why! Mr. R—, how glad I am to see you alive. Father saw you pass the house yesterday, and said you looked so pale and thin, you must have the consumption. How white you are!’ I hurried on without deigning a reply, for I felt that I was tormented; and turned into the fields to avoid coming in contact with any more such friends.

‘What can all this mean,’ I said to myself! ‘One thought that I was dead, and the other that I am most terribly thin and pale, and must have the consumption. Surely I have gained in flesh, and have a fine color, and look healthy, and feel better than I have for months. What object then, can they have in misrepresenting, they surely have nothing to gain.’

I had almost reached my home, congratulating myself that I should be safe from any farther molestation, when lo! several acquaintances were coming toward me. When we met, all had something to say about me. One had heard that I intended to commence my law studies again in a short time, and told me if I did, I would be a ruined man. Another thought I had a fever, for my hands were very warm—and a third advised my removal to the South.

I left them all standing in the street, and hastened to my room, full of doubts, perplexities, and fearful forboding of, I knew not what calamities. I must be dying. That was certain. I paced the floor, pressed my forehead, looked in my mirror, and fancied that all I had heard was true; then rang the bell, and bade a servant bring the doctor to my chamber. In one hour he arrived, and found me in a most dreadful condition. For many months my life was despaired of, and it was a long time ere I could call myself a strong and healthy man.

So much for the dreadful effect of the universal practice, which I have illustrated by a reference to my own case. Comment is unnecessary, the facts speak for themselves; and if they prove the means of guarding any convalescent against being effected by the remarks of such persons, or of causing such individuals to desist from a course so wicked and injurious, my object in presenting them will be accomplished. B. H.

Original.

HYMN OF THE PIEDMONTESE MARTYRS.

BY ARIEL.

Amid the Alpine summits in everlasting snow,
Where the wild mountain torrents in dashing beauty flow,
Where nought was seen above them but Heaven's bright azure sky,
And nought was seen around them but snow capped mountains high.

There—where in rolling grandeur, the mighty avalanche
As on it whirled in thunder each manly cheek would blanch,
There—where the wild wind chilling the warmest blood would freeze,
Were met, their God to worship, the dauntless Piedmontese.

The persecuting Papist had marked their path with blood,
And razed with hands polluted the temple of their God;
But here, 'mid cloud wrapt mountains, unheard by other ear,
They pealed aloft their anthem to One forever near:—

How long? O Lord! how long shall Zion lie
Buried in dust? how long thy children cry?
How long thy chosen ones in sadness groan?
How long their grief come up before thy throne?

Behold, oh Lord! thine ancient people now—
Covered with sackcloth at thy throne we bow—
Oh God of Zion! hear our bitter cry—
And send deliv'rance from thy throne on high.

Each passing zephyr—each soft blowing gale—
Bears upward on its pinion Zion's wail;
See, oh Deliv'rer! see our anguish deep!
And thy sure cov'nant with thy Zion keep.

Thy saintz though at the rack, the block, the stake,
 Their vows to serve thee never will forsake;
 Though bloody men against them fiercely rage,
 And with thy church a cruel conflict wage.

Thy martyr'd children still their path have trod
 To seal thy well-made cov'nant with their blood;
 Though in the fire their fainting faith thou'lt try,
 Yet shouting vict'ry, in the flames they'll die.

Though tortured, to the bloody rack they're bound,
 Though curling flames enwrap their bodies round,
 Their radiant crowns by faith they see afar,
 Resplendent with th' effulgent morning star.

Our foes, oh God! thy sov'reign power defy—
 And mock thy children when to thee we cry;
 Will Zion's God his blood-bought church forsake?
 Shall ruthless men the ark in triumph take?

Oh God of might, in thee is Zion's trust!
 Raise! raise thy chosen from her menial dust—
 Come glorious King, thine arm is strong to save—
 Come snatch thy ransom'd from the yawning grave.

Avenge, oh Lord! avenge thy servant's stain;
 Let not thy children seek thy face in vain;
 How long, oh Lord! how long ere thou wilt come—
 And take thy wand'ers to their heavenly home?

New York, May 1842.

Original.

EARLY TALENT OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

At the age of fourteen, Michael Angelo was placed with Ghirlandaio, who had the character of having envy in his disposition, which experienced no pleasure in the most distant prospect of a rival; and from this circumstance Donclivi has asserted, that he reaped no benefit from his instructor.

Whatever were the sources of his improvement, he rapidly surpassed his contemporaries, and adopted a style of drawing and design, more bold and daring than Ghirlandaio had been accustomed to see practised in his school; and, from an anecdote in Vasari, it would seem Michael Angelo soon felt himself even superior to his master.

One of the pupils copying a female portrait from a drawing by Ghirlandaio, Angelo took a pen and made a strong outline round it on the same paper, to show him its defects; and the superior style of the contour was as much admired as the act was considered confident and presumptuous. His great facility in copying with accuracy what-

ever objects were before him, was exemplified in an instance that forced a compliment even from Ghirlandaio himself. His master being employed in St. Maria Novella in Florence, Michael Angelo took advantage of his absence, and drew the scaffolding, the desks, the painting utensils and apparatus,—and some of the young men who were at work, with so much correctness and ability, that Ghirlandaio, when he returned, was quite astonished, and said it was rather the performance of an experienced artist than of a scholar.

Original.

MAN'S THOUGHTLESSNESS OF HIS FUTURE DESTINY.

A FRAGMENT.

BY HENRY Q. HAWLEY.

Oh Man! how unthinking is the progress of thy life, and how stern the moral it addresses the conscience! An immortal being, and emanating from the spirit of God, darest thou so madly pursue those avocations, which originate and terminate in the present; and yet be insensible not only to eternity, but also to the only means which can ensure happiness on earth!

But such ever has been, and such ever will be human existence. Almost ignorant of the noblest relations of our nature, we wander towards the tomb, unconscious of the sublime mystery of life, till the storm clouds of Fate, are darkening around us in the shadows of Death. In the shadows of Death—when the things of time are fading from before the clouded vision; and the mind grasps wildly at the varying shapes of truth, dim and uncertain in the flush of health—but now, how terribly distinct! In the shadows of Death—the gloomy shadows of *Death*—when the past is beyond recall, and the future, too dark even for the brightening of *hope*—when conscience sternly awakens recollection, and drags to its merciless tribunal, what once, were trifles of an hour, but now thicken around us pale phantoms of despair. I know no exemplification of the curse pronounced midst the bowers of Eden, more stern than is here impressed upon human destiny;—that man shall only appreciate life, when about to yield it to the grave, and the soul only awoken to its brilliant destinies when its mortality is falling from it, and the winged hours are rapidly bearing it, to the gates of heaven, or of hell.

SLANDER.

It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none who are engaged in the business pursuits of life. Have you had a bad fellow in your employment, and discharged him—he goes round and slanders; let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another, he goes round and slanders. In fine we would not give a cent for a person who is not slandered; it shows that he is either milksop or a fool. No—~~no~~—earn a bad name by a bad fellow; (and you can easily do so by correct conduct,) it is the only way to prove that you are entitled to a good one.